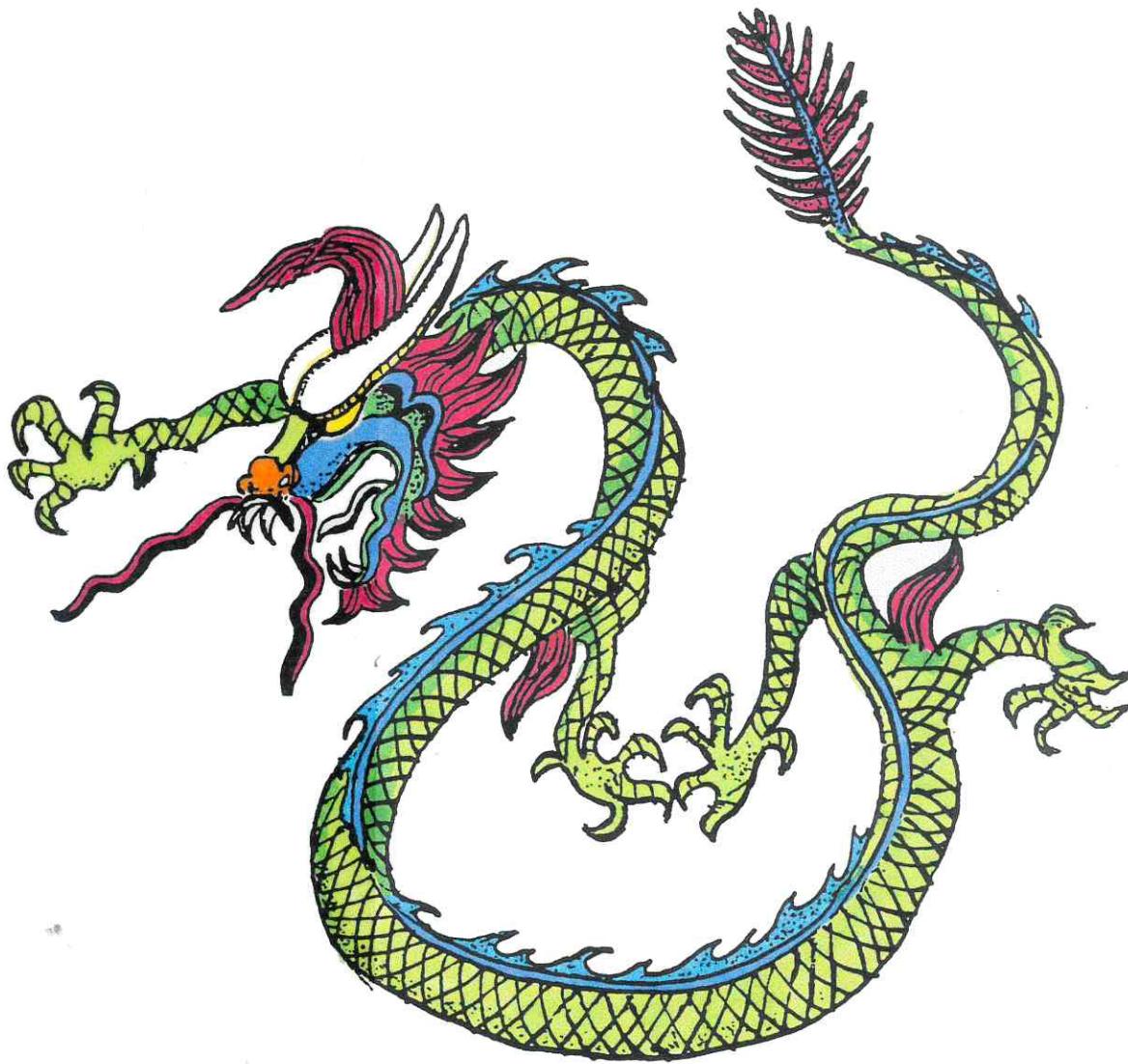


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# MORNING STAR



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# **Morning Star**

**1999-2000**

**Volume 17**

**North Scott High School  
Eldridge, IA 52748**

Planned and organized by students John Wagoner, Grant Shipman, Val Farley, Amanda Devine, Jill Blanche, Laura Leiting, and Vanessa Bell.

Sponsored by the North Scott High School Language Arts Department, with the help of Bernie Peters and Joni Schneider, art instructors.

The staff of The Shield, advised by Dennis Hennigan, performed the word processing.

Cover art by Zach Benson

Morning Star is a medieval weapon, and is a fitting name for a publication that joins North Scott High's The Lance and The Shield.

The founders of Morning Star in 1983-1984 also believed that the term describes any person whose talents are beginning to emerge. Thus the name fits perfectly the young writers and artists in this book.

## Almost Through

A vessel of love held tight in my heart  
So close together yet worlds apart.

Inside myself think of you

The pain is almost over, the hurt is almost through

A tenderness fading a love meant to last  
A young girls who's living lost deep in her past.  
Losing control crying out for you  
The tears are almost gone, your world is almost  
through

A dream dies quickly, an end is drawing near  
Oh how I wish I could go back to time  
when you were here.  
A love that I will cherish everlasting  
it seemed so true  
To walk away is the hardest thing.  
At least I know inside that the suffering is through.

~ Diana Kramer '02

## All Bottled Up

People are all bottled up inside  
Screaming to get out.  
The screams are so loud  
They make you want to shout.  
As the confusion sets in  
Your mind goes insane.  
When your emotions don't win  
Then your soul is in pain.  
Life seems so long,  
And so very confusing.  
You never really think you're wrong,  
And it's sometimes amusing.  
People are all bottled up inside  
Still wanting to shout.  
They try not to hide  
But they just can't get out.

~ Andi Gregerson '01

## Alone On My Own

I sit here alone under a large oak tree.  
Even though I am by myself, I feel trapped  
and I want to be free.  
I feel the wind blow across my face.  
I see the birds flying high and fast,  
Like they're in a race.  
I want to be like them and be on my own.  
But what's keeping me trapped is the fear  
of being alone.

~ Andi Gregerson '01

## An Old Friend

I just found out today,  
That someone who used to be  
So close to me has cancer.  
We were like sisters until she  
Moved. We were five years old  
And we did everything together.  
We drifted apart like shadows  
In the dark. The last time I saw  
Her was about a year ago. I realized  
Then that I didn't know her anymore.  
I cried today to hear the news,  
But I laughed today to hear how  
Well she is going on. I hope to  
See her soon to see for myself  
How she is doing. I miss my childhood  
Friend, and I will always  
Love her...

~ Sarah Creecy '01

## Angel of Autumn

The night was cool and breezy  
A sweet fragrance in the air  
The leaves tumbled gently  
I knew you were there,

I walked along the roadside  
Leaves crunched beneath my shoes  
You walked beside me all the way  
I knew then you were true,

The autumn breeze was chilling  
You kept me warm inside  
You made life fulfilling  
My tears you gently dried,

I slept beneath the fall moon  
As bright as it could be  
Like a shadow you were with me  
Forever watching over me...

~ Darla Buswell '01

By Sarah Creecy

I just found out today,  
That someone who used to be  
So close to me has cancer.

Beware

Beware

It shouts for joy  
with anger  
with sadness  
Boldly displaying  
what is behind it  
Do not go pass  
It warns  
But you do not listen  
You are stubborn  
a righteous mule  
You have no self-control  
only ignorance  
Now you know  
why that sign  
said what it said  
But you will never know  
because you have died  
you are truly missed  
by everyone  
Why didn't you realize  
the sign was there  
to warn you of  
Danger  
Beware

~ Mike Schafer '00

## Blue Wolf

From the rocky cliffs on the mountain top  
    To the valley down below,  
As the eagle soars in the deep blue sky  
    As long as the rivers flow;  
To the one that is my life,  
    My love for you will never cease.  
You are the one, my love, my life.  
    As the moon does journey across the sky  
And the sparkling stars appear,  
    Do not be afraid as I hold you tight,  
There is nothing you need to fear.  
    You are delicate as a daisy,  
And beautiful as a rose,  
    As graceful as a deer in the wood  
You are the one who knows.  
    I am the spirit of wolf inside.  
The forest is my home.  
    I keep your love inside my soul  
O'er the miles that I do roam.  
    As the sun fades away behind the trees  
And life in the forest gets quiet,  
    I return home to you, my beautiful rose,  
For you, my heart is not silent.

~ Kim Ingle '00

"Can we talk tonight?" asked the boy lusting for a third chance.

"I don't know. Okay," said the girl as she played with the rim of her hat and bit her lower lip. "Come and pick me up after you take Keegan home," said the girl with a smile.

The boy smiled and ran off to his seat, leaving the girl to think of what she had agreed to, a meeting with the boy she once thought she loved, a seance to a soul that seemed to her to be dead from her touch. A reconciliation? Who knew what would come of the late night rendezvous.

The girl paced her dark noiseless home, awaiting the dreadful knock on the door. To keep her mind away from the task soon to be at hand she ran down into her illuminator basement and turned on her computer, thinking that reading her mail would ease her worries.

She sat down in the reclining black office chair only to hear the doorbell toll. The bell rang through her ears and she thought *this is it*. She rose from her chair and raced up the stairs. She opened the door without looking, knowing what familiar face would appear on the other side.

"So do you wanna..." asked the over anxious boy as he playfully dipped and unzipped his metallic red coat.

"Um, would you like to come in?..We could go somewhere.

"I don't care," replied the girl to the fragmented wanderings of the boy still at play with his coat.

"Hey let's go to Maid Rite!" exclaimed the boy, who then turned and ran to his maroon car, not waiting for a reply from the girl who locked the heavy door to her red brick home and then proceeded to catch up with only to find him cleaning the passenger side of his car. She climbed into the car and buckled her seat belt, knowing what a reckless person her chauffeur was.

During the short right up the street the Maid Rite barely a word was spoken between the two and the foul stench of awkward silence was in the air. The girl was undecided on what to tell the boy, and was fighting with herself to decide.

Inside the restaurant the boy ordered a chocolate milk shake with whipped cream. "No cherry please." The girl, because she was not hungry, asked the waitress for nothing, and the two found a table to reside in.

"What do you want to say to me?" questioned the boy as he lit his camel cigarette and blew the smoke high in the air above his head.

"I.....I don't know." spoke the girl as she lowered her head to examine the table. "Wow, you are wearing that hat today. It looks great." said the boy as he pointed to the green, Abercrombie hat perched upon the girl's pinned up hair.

"Oh thank you, but it isn't mine!" laughed the girl as she rearranged the hat's position so to make it straight.

"I wanted to talk to you for so long." regretted the boy as he watched his

cigarette burn. He flicked the ashes and blew them in the tray creating an ash storm. The boy panicked and began to whip it off the table, only to make a larger mess.

“Hold on a second,” said the girl as she reached for a napkin to wipe the ashes back into the tray instead of on the floor.

The boy’s milkshake arrived and he began to spoon it into his mouth while attempting to talk at the same time. “I really am sorry for all the times I have hurt you,” the boy commented as he ate his chocolate treat.

~ Lori Summers ‘02

## Fairy Tales

When we're children we hear all the fairy  
tales from the years gone by.  
Our tiny hands turn the pages in the  
little books this world provides.  
All ends in smiles and happy ever afters,  
leaving the feeling of warmth inside.  
At bedtime we kneel beside our beds  
praying for all to be well.  
Little boys dream of building castles,  
conquering dragons, being king of the land.  
Little girls dream of being fairy godmothers,  
the knight in shining armor, a castle in  
which to be queen.  
As time passes on, we grow to leave for our  
first day away from the arms we know.  
Only to hear more fairy tales that seem  
to not end in smiles.  
But somehow we believe deep down the egg  
that breaks to pieces really does get put  
back together.  
When Jack falls down the hill, Jill  
follows, nursing him back to health.  
And all is smiles, happy ever afters,  
leaving a feeling of warmth inside.  
At bedtime we kneel beside our beds,  
praying for all to be well.  
The boy dreams of his collection of model  
cars, the fair maiden he saw today,  
the homerun he hit.  
The girl dreams of her new best friend, the  
nobleman she saw today, the cake  
she was to bake for dad's birthday.  
The stage was set, the streamers all  
hung, the sign "Class of" on the  
gymnasium door.  
All would attend, their futures still  
uncertain, with well wishes many.  
The tuxedos were worn with the

feeling of anticipation.  
The prom dresses were worn with  
the feeling of accomplishment.  
All ended in smiles, happy ever afters,  
leaving a feeling of warmth inside.  
At bedtime they knelt beside their beds  
praying for all to be well.  
The man dreamt of his walk  
to the stage being named king.  
The woman dreamt of her walk to the  
stage being named queen.  
In later years he was there to wake her  
with a kiss.  
The grandchildren were plentiful, getting  
into this, getting into that.  
He and she read them tales from little  
books this world provides.  
Their tiny little hands turning the  
pages, listening to every word.  
All ends in smiles, and happy ever afters,  
leaving a feeling of warmth inside.  
At bedtime they knelt beside their  
beds praying for all to be well.  
Grandpa dreamt of the home he  
had built, the things yet to conquer,  
His walk to the stage knowing his  
queen would follow.  
Grandma dreamt of the mother she  
still loved so much, the home she  
was so proud of, the walk to the  
stage knowing she would  
follow her king.

~ Vanessa Bell '01

## My Guardian Angel or My Destiny

I look around and see no one.  
Now is a great time!  
Get the rope and get the note.  
Wait! Who is there?  
I look and see no one.  
I turn around and again,  
I hear a noise.  
I stop and when I look,  
I see him. A small boy  
about the age of three.  
When he speaks, his voice is as  
soft as the wind.  
He says to me, "If you die,  
then I will never be."  
I took a long hard look and then  
decided that he was right. If  
I die then how will I ever  
become anything. I ask myself,  
"Was he my Guardian  
Angel, or was he my Destiny?"

Again, I need a knife  
and a note and again  
I am alone. I heard a noise,  
the very same noise I heard  
before. I turn and see no one.  
I turn around and again I heard  
this noise. This time I turned around  
in time to see her. A tiny child  
no older than two.  
When she spoke, it was like  
an angel whispering in the  
wind.  
She said, "If you die, then I will never be."  
I asked myself a question

that I couldn't answer just yet.

“Were they my Guardian Angels or were they my Destiny?”

~ Vanessa Bell '01

## How it all Doesn't Work

When does high school begin? Is it the first time you walk in the front door? Is it when you first open your locker, or your first class begins? Well in my opinion the entire high school experience does not begin until something unjust happens, whether that has to do with friends, love, or heaven forbid, school itself.

For me high school began in November of my freshman year. I was only fourteen, and I had a crush on a senior! I fell in love with his looks. I didn't even bother trying to get him to know him. He knew how much I loved him. One night he asked me to sit with him, and of course I did. He asked me to do a lot of things that night, and because I loved him so much I did do a lot of what he asked. That is until he asked too much.

That night is burned into my memory. I had him for one night, and I blew it. I mean, maybe if I had done what he wanted. Or maybe if... There are so many scenarios that run through my mind of how things could have happened differently or how I could have done this of that, but I know in my mind that he didn't love me.

After the night he asked me to sit with him he never talked to me again. Why? Simply because he found out how far I was willing to go for his affection. Why are guys like that? Yes I agree some aren't, but a lot are.

My friend is so great. I laugh when I think about how sweet she really is. She is one of the only people I know that still value morals. She fell in love with a guy her age. That's smart step number one. Yet she fell in love with a guy that had a bad reputation. He couldn't keep a girlfriend for more than a couple of weeks. He was sweet, and of course handsome. Most of all he was a gentleman.

My friend told him how much she really liked him. He in time said he felt the same way. She was amazed! Well soon he invited her over to his house to watch a movie. She was thrilled! They watched the movie for a while, and he kissed her. She was ecstatic! He was the first to ever kiss her, and he said he loved her. She was contented. Then a couple of days later he told her he "didn't feel the way he used to." The way he used to? What was that supposed to mean? They had barely been together long enough to have a past. She was devastated.

That right there is how it all doesn't work. I mean, an older guy only wants one thing. A guy my age only wants one thing. Apparently there is no in between. I suppose there is always the younger guy... But I don't think they even know what the 'one thing' is!

~ Lori Summers '02

## Creep

The happy life  
useless for me  
sadness creeps  
loneliness comes more  
    tears less  
    hatred growing  
I'm scared for what I might do  
    the possibilities  
    I cry at night  
for family love that I left  
    father  
    mother  
    sister  
    brother  
caring is not a possibility  
walking among the people  
    eyes up, walk strait  
    hatred on my face  
    I hate no one  
but I hate everyone  
    That's me!  
I am such a creep

~ Doozer Gregerson '02

## Incognito

Am I bound to uncover you?  
From the beginning  
we knew nothing of each other  
I still  
know nothing of you  
I feel  
I want,  
for you to open your heart  
to me  
Deluge your feelings,  
your innermost thoughts,  
wants, needs,  
loves, hates,  
hopes, and desires  
I wonder each day  
what this feeling  
of complete  
Incognito  
is and what I am  
supposed to perceive  
of it  
Each time you pass me by  
I can do nothing  
But smile  
and dream  
of the secrets you veil  
from the world  
You are so deep,  
so sublime,  
so enticing,  
so complete  
But no single soul  
knows of this completion  
You keep everything  
locked up  
  
so secure  
I feel I have the

key,  
the connection  
and the way  
to unlock the  
door  
to your heart  
Please let me in....

~ Darla Buswell '01

## It Could Have Been

What would have happened if I had said "hi,"  
If I would have talked to you then?  
All I do now is just beat myself up  
Thinking how it could have been

I didn't just want you to like me *like that*  
I wanted you as my good friend.  
Now all I do is cry tears in the dark  
Thinking how it could have been.

Told everyone else how I thought you were sweet  
Was contented to just play pretend  
Now my heart aches and I try to go on  
Thinking how it could have been

Though it's too late to express what I feel  
There's a message I'd still like to send.  
It hurts just as bad as when you were here  
*Knowing* how it could have been.

~ Jackie Wristen '01

## Leaving

And as we leave  
Knowing the friends  
That we have made,  
We will cry but  
We will be happy  
Because we have learned  
The joys of friendship  
And the peace of happiness.  
My friends will always  
Live in my heart forever.

~ Jill Blanche '00

Betroved to none;  
Loved by none.  
Am I wretched or merely cursed?  
I have loved, but none of whom cared.  
To wish for love is to be foolish.  
Yet to long for it is only human  
Human and foolish am I both  
Yet still no absolution  
Will one ever come?  
Or am I destined to yearn all my life?  
All desire is a chance?  
Or shall I too be refused that?  
Not fair!  
That's what it is!  
I beg and pled of thee to refuse me this fate  
A life lacking emotion and passion for another is not just  
But is it life I am intended to lead?  
Why has such a hex been laid upon my heart?  
Shall it endure forever?  
May I never feel the hands of a lover softly caressing my cheek?  
His lips tenderly kissing my face and meandering slowly to my neck  
Our bodies mingling together in unity.  
His large hands touching my unveiled flesh with gentle compassion  
Will I ever feel these things or shall I lay empty and die?

~ Lori Summers '02

## Look

When you look at me,  
It may seem that I have it all-  
I have a boyfriend,  
My license,  
Wonderful parents,  
And supportive friends.  
But when you look at me,  
I mean really look,  
You'll see my weaknesses.  
I am not as I seem:  
Deep inside of me,  
Hidden to all,  
There are feelings of  
Pain, insecurity and fear.  
But these are hidden to all  
Who know me-  
Sometimes,  
Even from myself.  
These weaknesses rarely expose themselves,  
But when they do,  
I know I can run to you and  
You'll take all the pain away  
And make all right in the world.  
You are my truest friend  
And the one I trust the most.  
Thank you for all you've shown me!  
As long as I have you,  
I truly do have it all.

~ Richelle Stainaker '02

I look into the deep blue sea of love  
As I look deeper in to your eyes than I have ever known to have been there  
Small specks of gray intrigue me further into the unknown  
I wander past the color into your mind  
I slowly gaze upon what I have always wondered about  
I look at your memories  
I search for a recollection of me  
Yet I come across none  
I frantically spin  
Why am I not in here?  
I have loved you for so long. Don't you even know who I am?  
Haven't you ever noticed me gazing into your eyes?  
Please answer please!  
I fall to the ground as I am pulled out of your mind and out from the sea of blue  
You rise from your seat across the room and leave  
I begin to cry  
Why? Why don't you love me?  
Why don't you know me?  
Why? Why? Why?  
I scream as tears fiercely rampage down my face  
My head plunges into my hands as I mourn  
I pull my hair and scratch my face as I slowly break apart  
I begin to rock as I recall all the moments we have shared  
From hellos in the hall to small conversations  
Now I know it all meant nothing to you when it had meant the world to me  
Why couldn't you have told me?  
Now what do I do?  
Someone help me. Please!  
I can't take this help!  
Help.

~ Lori Summers '02

## Love

Love-

What does it mean, anyway?

Everyone has their own definition.

Mine-

Trusting that person with your thoughts and heart,

Knowing they will be honest and true to you,

And just being with that person makes you happy-

Whether you're talking,

Watching t.v.,

Or just riding in the car while listening to music.

There are many types of love-

Love for your parents,

Love for your siblings,

Love for your friends

And

Love for that special someone.

How do you know when you're in love?

"You'll just know," they say.

Truly, I do know-

But no one else does.

Love is a mystery to us all

And it's something where there is no

Right or wrong.

Love is just the part of life

That no one can fail at-

You can go looking for love,

But, in the end,

It has to find you.

~ Richelle Stalnaker '02

Ignorance runs rampant through our schools  
And racism and hatred fill the halls  
Who developed these obscene rules?  
And set them in stone as laws?

Where do we go from here?  
How do we overcome?  
With desks filled-not with students, but with fears  
And the shattered dreams of some

It fills the books we read  
It dominated the lessons we learn  
This is not what we need,  
Yet it's our one and only concern.

~ M.L. Preston '00

## Dinard

Cool breezes blew across a lonely beach,  
and the waves rushed up to meet the sand.

I walked alone.  
Silhouetted in the colors of the setting sun.

I pondered upon my future,  
and wondered about those left behind.

I was not lost...  
...nor was I found.  
I just drifted.  
Searching for one to understand.

~ M.L. Preston '00

## Mirror, Mirror

Mirror, mirror on my wall  
Why do you have my face,  
When every time I look at you  
A new one takes my place.  
A child still am I today  
Yet I am almost grown,  
And each time seeing someone else  
Still looking at my own.

Mirror, mirror in my room  
Why is it that I see through you,  
To a world so dark and cold  
Where everyone is lonely and blue.  
Shadows everywhere I turn  
Projected on the walls of stone,  
Why is it that I see so many  
But I am still here...alone.

~Diana Kramer '02

## Miracles

Once in a while  
A miracle comes.  
No one knows why  
And no one asks.  
It is something  
That needs no reason,  
No explanation,  
No answer.  
It's there  
And that's enough.  
People wish for them  
And can't see them  
But they know  
When they have one.  
It's a *feeling*,  
A knowing,  
A new life beginning.  
Someone can tell  
Then they can move on.  
Nothing is holding,  
Nothing restricting.  
You are reborn; alive  
And you can go on.  
Miracles are funny  
In that you can't see them  
Yet you can still know  
When they're there.

~ Jackie Wristen '01

## My World

My goodness gracious!  
What have we got here?  
A pencil and paper?  
I hold these so dear.  
Just think what could happen  
On this blank, white sheet...  
A battle, a murder,  
Two lovers may meet,  
A horror, a drama,  
A musical play,  
A comedy, romance-  
What else can I say?  
This paper brings thoughts  
And my thoughts turn to words.  
I write what I want,  
Though weird and absurd.  
That's the great thing  
About writing, you know.  
No one can say things  
You don't want to know.  
Think it sounds great?  
By golly, you're right!  
There could be day  
In the middle of night.  
The sea could be purple,  
The grass could be blue,  
And no one can see it  
'Less you want them to.  
The paper can open  
A wondrous new place  
Full of witches and fairies,  
A dog's furry face.  
Some things on paper  
Start only as dreams  
But they come to life  
When a pen hits the scene.  
No one can tell you

Just where to stop.  
It's your life; you live it  
And climb to the top.  
And while you are up there  
The thoughts flowing free,  
I hope you remember  
These words said by me.  
It isn't just writing,  
It's venting as well.  
For how you are feeling  
Your writing will tell.  
And when you're happy,  
The words come out fun.  
They won't be gloomy  
But bright as the sun.  
And even in sorrow  
Some good comes from pain.  
For sometimes in poems  
The tears are called rain.  
Writing is good.  
I like it a lot.  
You think you can do it?  
Let's see what you've got.  
There is the paper  
And here is the pen.  
Just PLEASE don't you ever  
Forget the THE END.

~ Jackie Wristen '01

## Of Meddlesome Lives

Crowded streets  
Choked with meddlesome feet  
Everyone hurried  
Heading for a destination  
Too busy to allude  
To any other passing faces  
Blaring horns and bells  
Yell over the voices  
Of the Multitude  
Impatient and distressing  
One girl  
Walking carelessly  
Indifferent and oblivious  
To the frenzy around her  
seeing every face  
Wondering where each pair  
of hurried footsteps  
Might be leading the other  
One man  
Hunched in a doorway  
Humming a melody of life  
Apprehensive and watching  
The frenzy around him  
Marveling at where each pair  
Of hurried footsteps  
Might be leading the other  
Wishing he could be them  
With somewhere to go  
The girl strides by  
She alludes to the man  
Sitting in the doorway  
He notices her too  
she smiles openly  
He smiles in return  
Each goes on as before  
Gut reassured  
Of the happiness  
In their idle lives...

Crowds of meddlesome feet  
Go on as before  
Noticing no smiling faces  
Too busy to allude  
To the life around them...

~ Darla Buswell '01

## Only Love

‘Tis better the devil you know  
than the one you don’t.  
To have a heart that loves you  
than a mind that won’t.

Keep to your place  
and your place will keep you.

Stay faithful to a heart  
that has always been true.

If united we stand  
yet divided we fall.

Together we’ll make it  
alone not at all.

The worth of money is not in its  
possession  
but in its very use.

So if I give you my entire existence  
do not show my love abuse.

And by asking too much  
you may lose the little we’ve got.

So I ask only love from you  
for I love you a lot.

~ Diana Kramer ‘02

## Right Here

The sun shines down upon the glass waters.  
Ripples surrounded a newly fallen leaf.  
The veins of red reach out to the tips surrounded by yellow.  
I lie in the grass looking at the bright blue sky.  
Squirrels crawl up and around in the tree above my head,  
chirping and scratching amongst themselves.  
I close my eyes and dream of far off places, then wake up to  
find there's no better place then this right here...

~ Sarah Creecy '01

By the look in your eyes  
When you say "hello"  
I could tell there was  
So much more you wanted to say  
I could tell you wanted to say  
"I care for you  
And I love you  
And I will never hurt you."  
But you never said those things  
For all you said was "hello."

~ Robb Russman '00

You give me a reason to get up in the morning,  
Being with you makes me so happy,  
I want to surround myself with you,  
You mean the world to me,  
What are you doing ending what we had?  
How can you do this to me after all I have done for you?  
Don't you know that you mean the world to me?  
I can't believe you are doing this to me.

~ Robb Russman '00

Why won't you forgive me  
I said that I was sorry  
You just didn't hear the truth  
Let me explain  
You don't understand  
I'm in love with you  
I didn't mean to hurt you  
Honestly I didn't  
You mean the world to me  
I won't be able to live without you  
You are the only source of happiness in my life  
Please don't take that away because of a  
Misunderstanding  
Please forgive me  
Please!!!!!!

~ Robb Russman '00

I always went to you  
When I felt blue  
I always went to you  
When I felt lonely  
I always went to you  
When I felt scared  
I always went to you  
When I felt like no one else cared  
I always went to you  
When I felt like I couldn't deal with it all  
I always went to you  
When I needed someone to listen  
I always went to you  
When I needed to feel loved  
I always went to you  
When you needed me  
I always went to you

~ Robb Russman '00

## Shattering Glass

Life's aspirations must be reached with a certain amount of  
insanity.

And while suffering is the language of the soul,  
And love is the language of the heart,  
The two often become intertwined.

Like two hands grasping for the moon,  
They struggle to encompass the circular mystery of life.  
Where kindness, ecstasy, and childlike pleasures run  
rampant,  
And anger, jealousy, and loneliness stand waiting in the  
wings.

Peace comes to those with acceptance,  
But too few have the grace for forgiveness.  
Yet we all go along with a liveliness,  
That's comparable to shattering glass.

~ M.L. Preston '00

## Save Me From Myself

My mind is like the vast sea  
And you are my life boat-  
Saving me from drowning  
In my sea of problems, my ocean of troubles,  
Saving me from myself.  
You are my lifesaver.  
As I fish through my troubles,  
You are there supporting me.  
Otherwise I'd drown in self pity.  
You save me from myself.  
One day I may be able to swim on my own  
After fighting the undertow,  
That strong force against me.  
But until then, you  
Save me from myself.

~ Richelle Stalnaker '02

## The Hand That Helps

Take the cloak of darkness off me  
The tired sick pale complexion that runs over my body  
    Turn pink when I feel your touch  
    Bring me out to where you stand  
In the sun and let me see your beautiful face once more  
    My friend  
    I want to feel the sun on my body  
    Wind in my hair  
If you were my friend you would help me get there.

~ Doozer Gregerson '02

## The Movies

The image blasts across the screen,  
sounds vibrating every nerve  
Is it fact, fiction, or romance,  
That temporarily captures us?  
Locking our minds on these fleeting visions.

From the great blackness may emerge  
a star filled galaxy, a lava oozing volcano,  
a bloody battlefield, or a concentration camp.  
Momentarily we are propelled into the struggle  
to live, to love, or just persevere  
The events spin out of control, to confrontation,  
then to conflict, and finally, to resolution.  
Are we better for participating in this entertainment,  
or have we wasted precious time?

From silent to sepia to sensurround,  
we have seen them all.  
Life's experiences mirrored in this transient form,  
the shadowed images of reality.

They may hold more truth and excitement,  
then our ordinary lives can absorb.

~ John Wagoner '01

To the graduating class of 2000, I offer these words of advise:  
THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

Nobody wants to hear your recycled opinions, regurgitated from your television, from your radio, and from your equally ignorant friends. You do not need jobs, you do not need parties, you need an opinion of your own.

Quit doing what the media tells you to do. Guess what! Pepsi will not make you younger. Mountain Dew will not make you extreme. 7-up will not make you original. Alcohol will not make you accepted. Oh yes, America, the TV has lied to you. Not that your friends are credible sources or information either. Where do they get their ideas? Who told them how to think? The magazines? The TV? The school?

Oh yes, our prized education system. It's the same system that encourages mathematics and the sciences and yet leaves the arts under funded and under appreciated. Who jurisdicts what is higher level thinking? Probably the same person who thought up general requirement classes. Why do we let someone else decide what we are allowed to read, and even think? It should be our responsibility to expand our horizons, yet to fall into the methodical ways of "the norm."

No matter what a significant other tells you, sex is not the relationship glue of the nineties, or even the millennium. In fact, it is the paint thinner. So many young people believe that to stop a relationship from spiraling out of control they must lower their personal standards and abandon their own morals to fulfill the needs of others. This not only guarantees the destruction-for many guys sex is the motivation behind the relationship, and for girls it is the trump card. Once the card has been played the challenge is gone and the interest is lost. Is that a slight mix-up in priorities?

Speaking of lost priorities, how about the emphasis that we as teenagers place on material objects? How many people spend hours working at boring, minimum wage jobs so that they can finance the vehicles that transport them to and from their boring, minimum wage jobs? Why can't we just enjoy the time that we have as irresponsible adults without making complete fools of ourselves?

In conclusion, our society is screwed up, our morals are twisted, our sense of right and wrong is disturbed, and our concept of reality is demented. We need to wake up and realize that the world neither revolves around us, nor cares if we plummet to our deaths from a twenty-two story building. The trivial beliefs that we hold so dear are really of no consequence.

Some of what I have said may not concern you. Some of what I have said may offend you. But no matter what you think of what I have said,  
remember:

**THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.**

~ Michelle L. Preston '00

## Reasons Why

Things are always changing  
Nothing stays the same  
You and I and our love  
Seem to cause so much pain

Ever-changing are our ways  
To express out emotions  
During confusing days

Neither knowing what the other is thinking  
Not knowing what the response will be  
Assuming the worst, "He hates me."

Maybe we're maturing  
And it's just a matter of time  
Before you'll see my star  
And I can make you mine.

~Amber Havenhill '02

## **Tomato Soup**

**Tomato soup is mighty fine,  
I like to eat grilled cheese with mine.  
Health Request is the best,  
it's better for you than the rest.**

**~ A. Burton '01**

## Unanswered Questions

his words said without any meaning  
but still running fast through my head  
how i was supposed to know he'd be fleeing  
always looking back to see as i lie crying in my bed

his actions done without any thought  
but still i shiver as i remember his warm hands  
how would i have known his love was bought  
and he looks back to see me alone in my bed of quicksand

the thoughts he remembers but still shows no remorse  
those are the same thoughts that i dread everyday  
oh, i should have known, of course  
and he looks to see how stupid i was to make sure i have nothing left to say

He has put my heart to the ultimate test  
and now i don't know what to fear more  
maybe its for the best  
but maybe there was supposed to be more

so how do i measure how much it hurt  
by how much i gave of by how much he took  
and do i keep what i know inside or do i angrily assert  
did i measure by how much i cried, how much pain i felt, or how i shook

all that I know is that i'll never be the same  
and i know it's not his fault  
i know that neither of us are to blame  
and everytime i think of him i can still feel my heart melt

~ Amber Havenhill '02

## Untitled

I am walking a path less taken. The path is crowded with vegetation. I can see the vague footprints of my ancestors that once took this path. My life flows into this path like a stream of water into a lake. I feel its presence like my own. We are one and the same, destined to be together, not knowing where it's taking us. Many times while on this path I see other roads that are easy and walked upon always. I see people on these roads beckoning me to join them. Some I want to call friends. But I know I can't, because our paths only cross too few of the times, and without my path walking alone, suffering the pain of loneliness. I hear a shout from not far away, so I look. I see a friend traveling a path similar to mine. While we never join one another's path, we still keep each other company. Then as expected his path starts heading another direction, so I let him go. Again I am alone. Once again I feel that pain. Almost desperate with pain, I find another path that crosses mine. I see some friends of mine, so I stop and talk to them. I decide to join them on their path, and for a time we travel together. More and more I begin to follow them and turn into that sheep, but I continue with my friends. Then without notice I plummet into a hole into the ground. It is deep and wide. My insides are turned inside out as I realize the torment I'm putting myself through. My friends slowly help me out of the hole, struggling, I look at them one last time, a tear forming at my eye, and with shaking hands I leap, back to my old path. There is no one else. Just me. I feel the sorrow that my ancestors once felt on their backs. I walk alone, thinking to myself, uttering thoughts through my head, and truly finding myself. Later I am joined by a girl. She is beautiful beyond recognition. Not a word is exchanged as we walk together on the same path. I'm filled with something I've never felt before. Then we come to a halt as a group of people on a larger path scurry past us. I look over and hope that she will stay with me on my path. When the path is clear I continue on my path and start crying, because she isn't there with me. Right now my path and life are still undecided. I don't know what to do, or how to act, or to live. But it's mine.

~ Christopher C. Blake '00

## Sparkle

lustrous beam  
how i envy you  
so free  
unrestrained  
and portentous  
magnificent  
gleaming eternally in the sapphire night sky  
a beacon of light  
sparkling on  
forever  
living for an eternity  
withheld from  
sorrow or contempt

~ Val Farley '01

## Instability

I don't want to rid this blanket of warmth  
a shield of comfort surrounding me  
for on the outside it is cold and cruel  
and my insecurities show  
hurry to my heaven-sheltered  
where once again no one can discern  
that I am afraid and unkempt.

~ Val Farley '01

## Prey

that is not what i want  
the catch of this hunt  
i will give up my fight  
all in one night  
forget what i feel  
face up to what's real  
i don't need you and your games  
no more guilt and blame  
i will move on and pretend  
you are gone  
hoping you'll see my pain  
and feel its refrain

~ Val Farley '01

## Demersion

i'm drowning in the pain  
like a driving rain  
that won't let up  
'til the volcano erupts  
i will cry,  
i will wallow  
while the pain i will swallow  
i let it pour in  
again and again  
it bothers me so  
but ill never let you know

~ Val Farley '01

## What Should I Say?

Sent from heaven: What you say I am  
Then, "Go to hell," you say. "I don't give a damn."

Words from the heart  
Then words from the head.

Which do I trust  
and which rules do I bend?

Do you mean what you say when you say you love me?  
Do you mean what you say when you say you don't?

And how do I know when you will,  
and how do I know when you won't?

It's so hard to love you  
and so hard to not.

The only words I can't say  
are the ones that are sought.

So how can I ask just how you feel?  
When I don't know if I'm for real?

I want you to stay  
and I want you to go.

And when I finally say yes,  
you start to say no.

~ Amber Havenhill '02

## Pursuit

I try and try  
butterfly

~ Val Farley '01

## You

You used to be here,  
every day and night.  
I'd call and you'd be,  
right by my side.

Now you live so far away.  
Funny how God gives you a gift  
and then takes it away.  
It's all for the best and,  
in time you will see.  
It'll all work out the way,  
God wants it to be.

~ Brandon Neels '03

Why?

As I look into your dazzling blue eyes-I do not understand why I believe all of your cruel and intentional lies.

As I think about what might have been and think of what a sin. I think it could have been him.

He could have been the one and yet now in my eyes he is no one. Everyone he knows is now ashamed at him who has placed the blame.

And as I wish to hurt no more, my only one walks through my lonely door. And as I look into my new love's dazzling green eyes I understand why.

~ Amber Havenhill '02

## You

You are so beautiful  
your hands so delicate  
like an egg shell  
under your pillow  
your eyes  
they stare back at me  
baby blue  
beautiful in the daylight  
your hair  
long and straight  
always in a pony tail  
waiting for a gentle pull  
by your true love  
your lips are as red as a red rose  
but worth more than gold  
you truly deserve  
someone to share them with  
to share all your perfections  
your personality  
your love

~ Mike Schafer '00

## You Didn't Have To

You didn't have to be there.  
You didn't have to care.  
You didn't have to talk to me.  
You just could have let me be.  
But you're here by my side.  
And I don't want to hide.  
I just want to cry.  
And I don't know why.

~ Andi Gregerson '01

## Your Life

Prepare yourself  
hold on tight  
you are about  
to ride  
your life  
there are bumps  
there are turns  
but most of all  
there are burns  
flying through your life  
you realize  
what you missed  
your best friend's birthday  
your mom's loving kiss  
your childhood  
you want to go back  
but no, this ride is one way  
forward please  
keep going, don't stop  
you might miss  
your next turn  
watch out  
danger  
your life is full of them  
so watch yourself  
keep your life safe  
it is your road  
make it smooth and flat  
it's your life  
you decide which direction  
which path  
to take

-Mike Schafer '00

## My Dragon

The dragon flies in a place that no one can see  
But as much as he flies he still is not free  
For the dragon is contained in my mind  
the winds of my imagination are blowing on his  
wings  
Begging him to soar and let my mind fly free

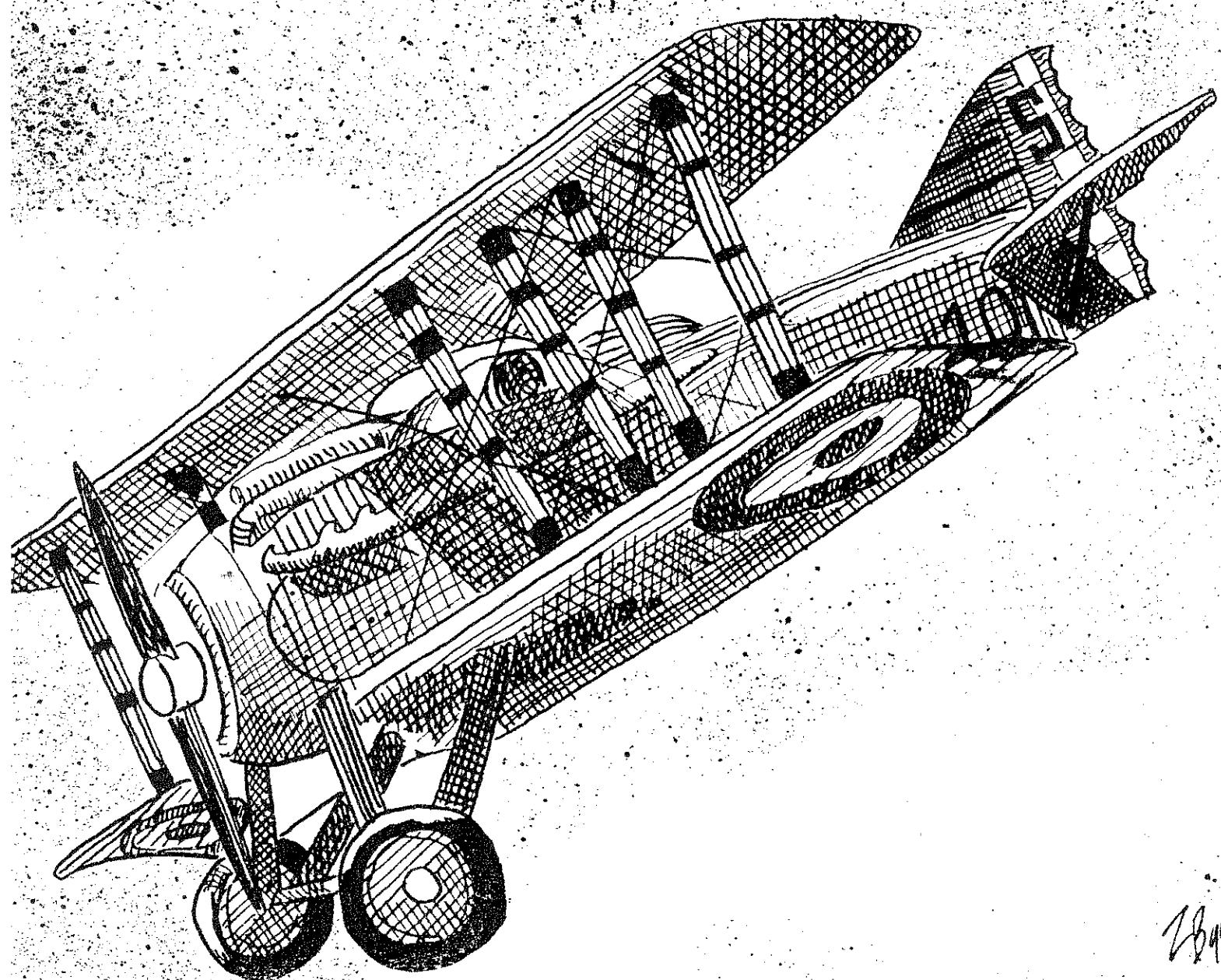
~ Doozer Gregerson '02

## Explaining to You

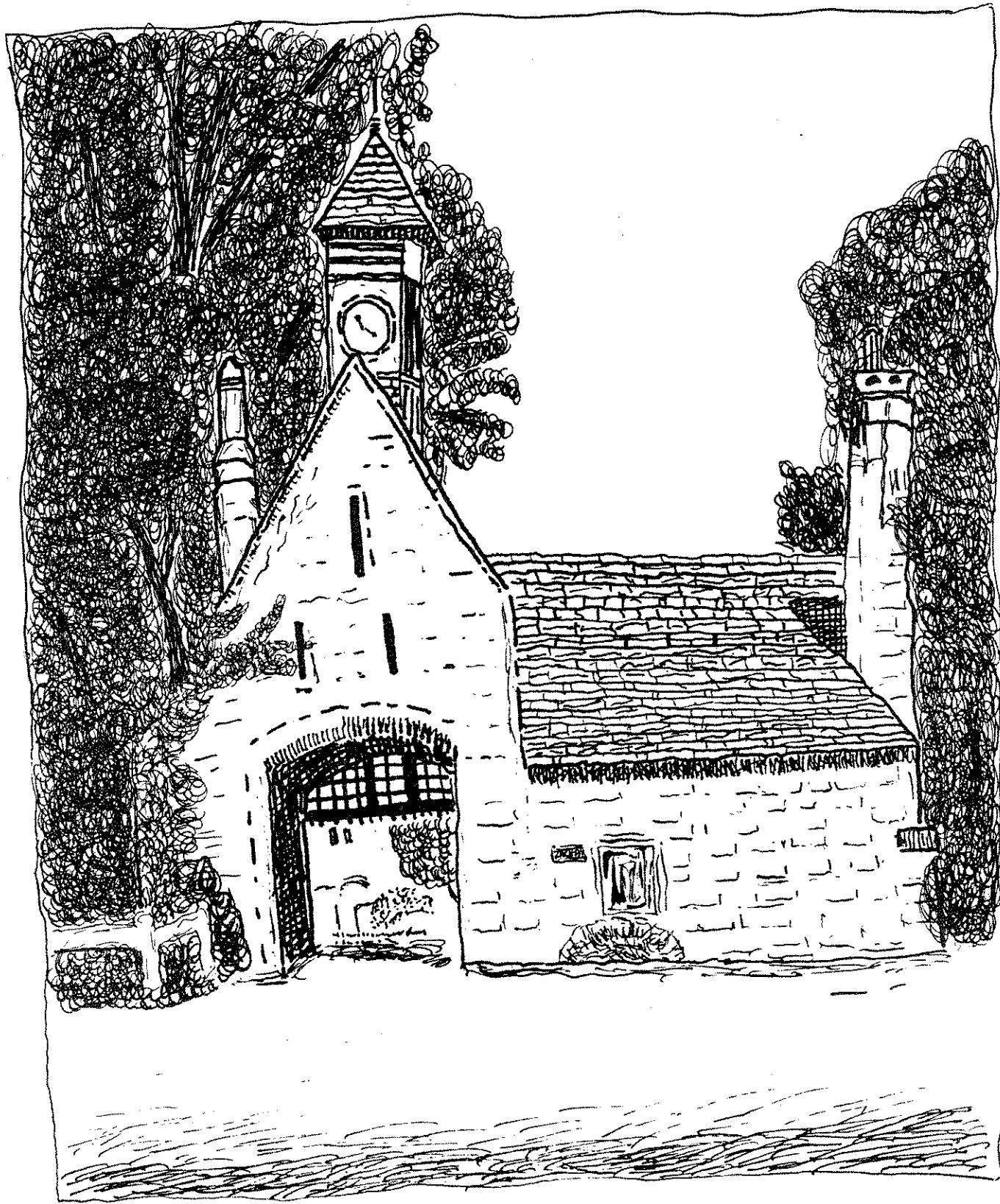
Intricate side sweeps  
meaningful nonchalance  
with casual glances that mean so much  
each one, but a connection,  
for I feel a thing called longing  
something that I thought I had known before  
But everything is new now, refreshed in a way.  
my feelings are simple  
-she humbles and awes me.  
My fondness and desire grows

~ Grant Shipman '00

-Zach Benson, '03

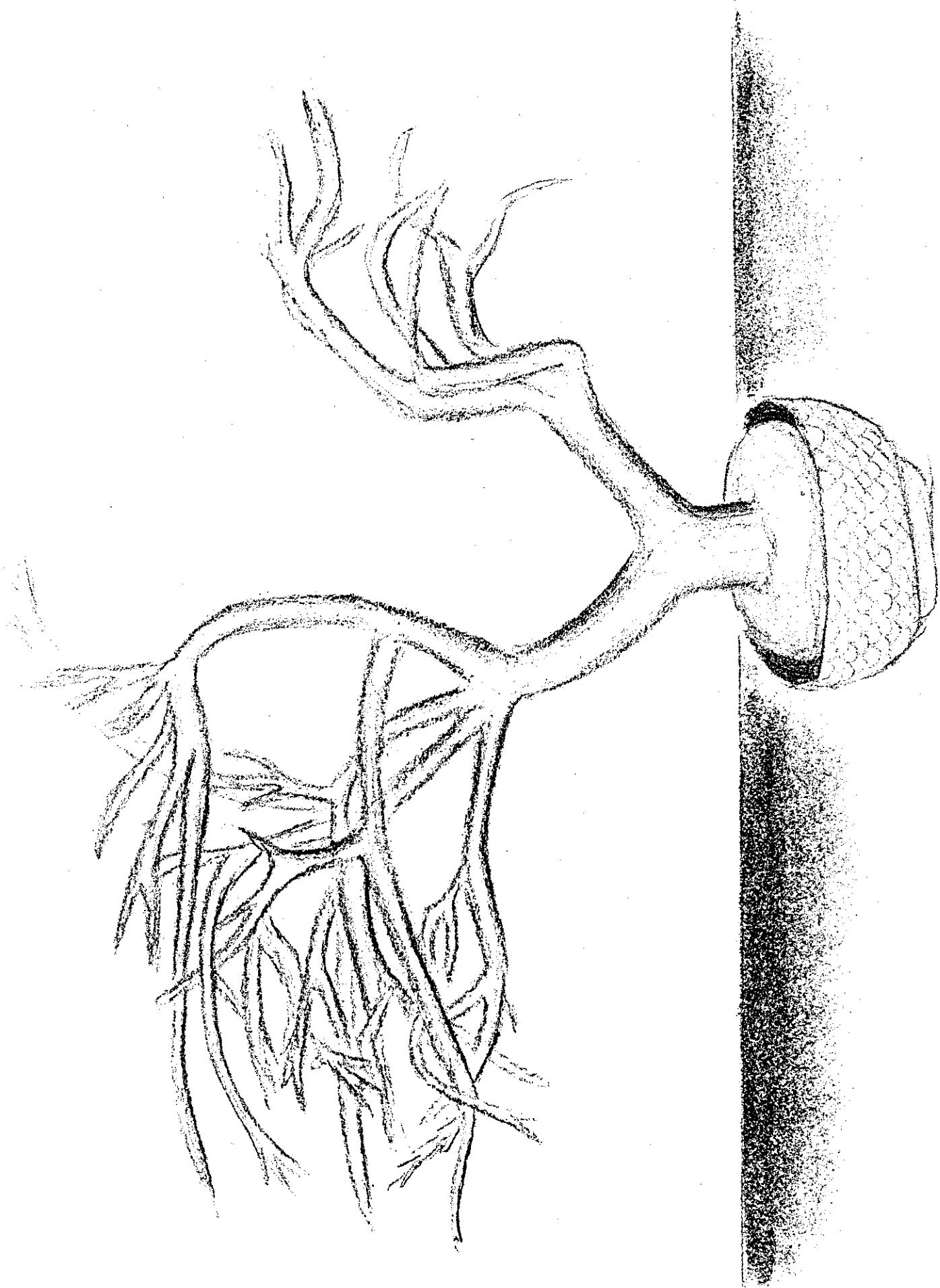


-Zach Benson, '03



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-Zach Benson, '03



-Erin Rochau, '02

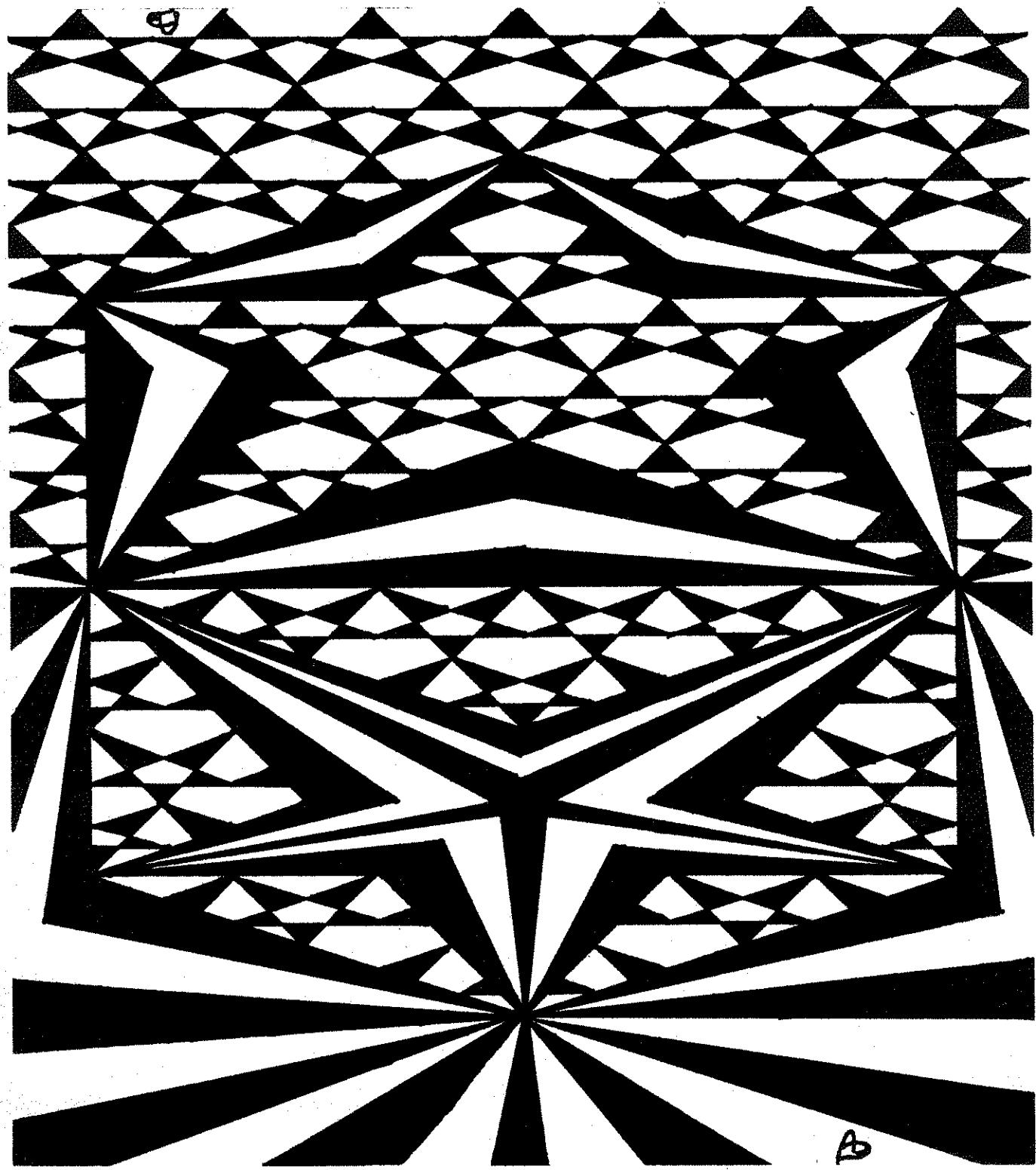


ERIN  
ROCHAU

-Andi Gregerson, '01



-Andi Gregerson, '01



-Zach Benson, '03

